

THE WING OF THE  
WILD BIRD  
AND OTHER POEMS



DR. ALBERT D. WATSON

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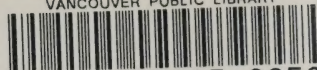
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Albert D. Watson

THE WING  
OF THE  
WILD-BIRD  
AND OTHER POEMS

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By  
DR. A. D. WATSON

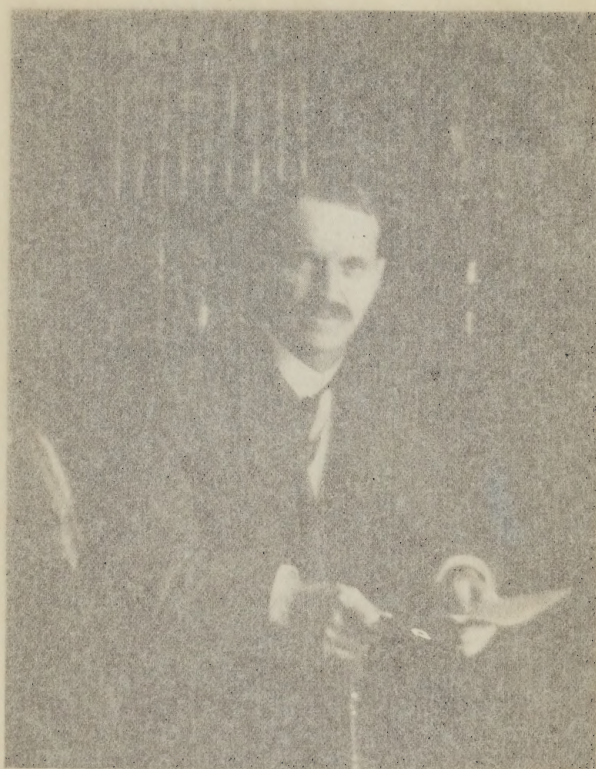
Author of "Sovereignty of Ideals,"  
"Sovereignty of Character," etc.

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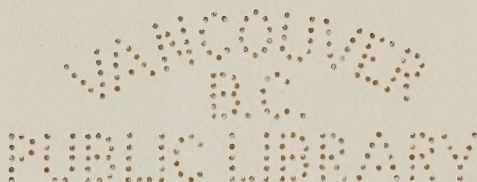
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WATSON

TO  
CANADA  
MY COUNTRY  
WITH  
REVERENCE AND  
LOVE



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Oh for the wing of the wild-bird,  
Daring and dauntless and free,  
The silence and scent of the forest,  
The breath of the hills and the sea.





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# The Wing of the Wild Bird

## And Other Poems

---

### Canada.

HAIL to the Great Dominion,  
Her flag in splendor flies  
Upon the wind's wild pinion,  
'Neath blue Canadian skies.  
And when the breezes bear it  
Aloft on tower or flood  
It wakes the kingly spirit,  
It stirs our Viking blood.

The Fathers of our nation  
Have builded sure and strong  
On broad and deep foundations  
Of valor, truth and song;  
For while 'twas yet the morning  
They throned the true and best,  
And, bonds and barriers scorning,  
They dared the dauntless West.

## THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD

Our might shall melt the mountains,  
Our commerce gird the seas,  
Our forests, fields and fountains,  
Give music to the breeze;  
Here Scotland's purple thistle  
With England's rose shall stand,  
The fleur-de-lis shall listen  
To the harp of Ireland.

Never may blight of battle  
Or thundering steel-girt host,  
Sword-clang or war-drum's rattle,  
Disturb our peaceful coast;  
The bulwarks of our own land  
God and the right shall be,  
Our Canada the homeland  
Of power and liberty.

Build, then, a flaming altar,  
And with its sacred fire  
Of love and praise exalt her,  
The Land of our Desire;



## LIFE

*Oh happy consummation,  
Oh destiny sublime,  
To be a righteous nation,  
The standard for all time.*

---

### Life.

How brief is life! Its jewelled hours  
So swiftly wing their flight,  
We have but time to live and love  
When suddenly, 'tis night.

## THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD

### The Pines.

I STEAL apart  
To the woodland's heart  
When the work of the day is over,  
When the odors sweet  
Of the forest meet  
The scent of the blooming clover.

I sit and rest,  
By the breeze caressed,  
With the lofty pine-trees o'er me,  
The wind-harp's sigh  
In the branches high  
And the open sea before me.

The fresh breeze sings  
Through the pine-tree's strings,  
And a million leaves are shaken,

## THE PINES

But when in the sky  
The wild winds die,  
She sighs like a lover forsaken.

For the queen of the trees  
Is the bride of the breeze  
And the harp of the winds she holdeth,  
She sings her wild runes  
To the forest tunes  
And melodies rich unfoldeth.

From the pelting hail  
And the northern gale  
This shade is the wood-bird's cover,  
In these sheltering arms  
She is free from alarms  
Though the tempest is raging above her.

The golden light  
And the ink of night  
With the blue of the sky are blended  
In the leaves so fine  
Of the evergreen pine,  
In its beauty so dark and splendid.

## THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD

The mystic thrill  
Of the forest hill  
And the shadows weird that hide me,  
And the moon's bright gleam—  
What a perfect dream,  
With you, My Love, beside me!

When every light  
In the vault of night  
Is trembling with deep emotion,  
And a straight, white line  
Of bright moonshine  
Runs shimmering up the ocean,

I sit and rest,  
By the breeze caressed,  
With the stately pine-trees o'er me,  
The wind-harp's sigh  
In the branches high,  
And the open sea before me.

## A STREET ACQUAINTANCE

### A Street Acquaintance.

I MET the devil in the street.  
With shoes upon his cloven feet,  
I knew him not. Quoth he: "Hast heard  
The news afloat, the latest word? . . .  
Indeed no? Then I'll tell thee all,"  
And straightway from a tongue of gall  
Such innuendo, hint and sneer  
Poured into my unwilling ear  
In polished phrase and damning clause,  
I marvelled who this devil was.  
"Excuse me, Sir; if words can tell,  
I've met a denizen of hell."  
Retorted he with face aglow:  
"A stranger thou, else wouldst thou know  
I am Sir Gossip of renown,  
Highly respected in this town."  
"Just as I thought," said I, "and now,  
Good-morrow. Prince of Devils thou."



## THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD

### Sunset on Scarboro' Heights.

THE world is swinging nightwards; 'tis October,  
And twilight's on the heights;  
The Bluffs, like silent sentries gray and sober,  
Stand lonely in the fading evening lights.

As down the sky the sovereign sunlight marches  
And grays to crimsons turn,  
The bannered light gleams through the western  
arches  
And tongues of fire clear through the cloud-  
rifts burn.

The ruddy glow of gold and purple splendor  
Bursts o'er the hills in light;  
Bright Phœbus backwards looks with glances  
tender,  
And, smiling kindly, beckons us good night.

## SUNSET ON SCARBORO' HEIGHTS

Like levelled lances in some knightly story,  
Or daylight's purple pyre,  
The red reflection of the sun's bright glory  
Clothes all the west in garniture of fire.

Soon fades the wondrous pageant insubstantial;  
Vermilions turn to gray—  
The silent whisper of that rest-evangel  
Whose slumber steals our burdens all away.

Now dips the sun's red rim beneath the land-  
line,  
Now fades the glowing light;  
No more the western hills are robed in sunshine,  
Upon the heights of Scarboro' 'tis night.

## THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD

### Canada's Call.

LOUD as the voice of her deep-booming waters,  
Clear as the lilt of her song-birds in May,  
Canada calls to her sons and her daughters:  
Lift high your standard of manhood to-day.

Here in the dawn of a great nation's morning,  
Rings the clear voice of our country's appeal,  
Calling for heroes who, self-interest scorning,  
Do what they know, and dare what they feel.

Not in the wealth of her prairies so peerless,  
Not in her output of silver and gold,  
But in a people, free, righteous and fearless,  
Lies her supremest of treasures untold.

## THE CENTURY BELLS.

Canada calls. Then let the response be  
One that shall honor our glorious land;  
Let us be all we would pray that our sons be,  
All that our hopes and traditions demand.

Pure as the gold in the heart of her mountains,  
Strong as her torrents that leap to the sea,  
Straight as the pine-tree and clear as her foun-  
tains,  
Honest and fearless, face-forward and free.

---

### The Century Bells.

THE century bells proclaim the hour  
From clanging bronze in tones sublime;  
God's hand of everlasting power  
Sweeps o'er the clavier of time.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### The Wing of the Wild-Bird.

OH for the wing of the wild-bird,  
Daring and dauntless and free,  
The silence and scent of the forest,  
The breath of the hills and the sea.

Down the dim shores of dream-islands,  
On through the ocean of blue,  
To fly with a comrade, a lover,  
A soul that is always true.

Oh for a rest where the star-gleams  
Keep with the darkness a truce  
In shades of the evergreen pine-tree  
Or groves of the odorous spruce.

Slumbering 'mid spacious horizons  
Under the sentinel stars,  
Breathing the balm of the balsams,  
The fragrance of deodars;



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Waking to see o'er the hilltops,  
Daylight's fair banners unfurled  
When morning comes flinging her glories  
Up the round sweep of the world.

Then under splendid cloud-arches,  
Up the vast reaches of sky,  
Pinion to pinion wide-soaring,  
My comrade-lover and I,

Far on the wing of the wild-bird  
Daring and dauntless, would flee,  
Inhaling the air of the mountain,  
The scent of the infinite sea.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### The 'Tobico.'

BEHIND the hill,  
Near the old saw-mill  
Where the quiet waters flow,  
Where the schoolboys swim  
When the light is dim,  
We played, long years ago;  
And I often dream  
Of that winding stream  
Where the long-leaved rushes grow,  
Of the worms in a tin  
That we stuck on a pin  
To fish in the 'Tobico.'

When school was out,  
With a leap and a shout  
We rushed to the river's side,



"Near the old station."  
Where the great railroad runs.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### The 'Tobico.'

BEHIND the hill,  
Near the old saw-mill  
Where the quiet waters flow,  
Where the schoolboys swim  
When the light is dim,  
We played, long years ago;  
And I often dream  
Of that winding stream  
Where the long-leaved rushes grow,  
Of the worms in a tin  
That we stuck on a pin  
To fish in the 'Tobico.'

When school was out,  
With a leap and a shout  
We rushed to the river's side,



“Near the old saw-mill  
Where the quiet waters flow.”





## THE 'TOBICO'

And all the boys,  
With a merry noise,  
Plunged into its cooling tide;  
We swam elate  
'Neath the old swing-gate  
Where the geese to the pastures go,  
Or sprang from the bank  
And merrily sank,  
With a splash in the 'Tobico.'

When the sunset-flame  
And the twilight came,  
We lay at the streamlet's edge,  
And the whipoorwill  
Sang loud and shrill  
And the frog croaked in the sedge;  
The tune so sharp  
Of the cricket's harp  
Rang out while we whispered low  
As we lay on the ground  
And heard the sound  
Of the rippling 'Tobico.'

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## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

The snow-banks white  
In the pale moonlight  
Still stand out keen and clear,  
And the mystic haze  
Of those olden days  
Is still to my memory dear.  
I linger still  
By the ice-bound rill  
Where we skated long ago  
In the fair starlight  
Of the winter night,  
On the dear old 'Tobico.'

## THE GATES OF LIFE

### The Gates of Life.

THE golden sun is crowning  
The hills with mellow light,  
And dusky shades are falling—  
The eyelids of the night;  
And like a low, sweet nocturn,  
Dream-whispers from the west  
Thrill out their shadow-music  
And soothe my soul to rest.

While Nature sings to Nature  
And flowers kiss the sod,  
My soul's quick ear is open  
To hear the voice of God—  
Not in such stormful chaos  
As marked the dawn of time  
When worlds 'mid fire and thunder  
Surged from abysmal prime.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

And not where, fire-embattled,  
With clash and clangor rife,  
The forge of constellations  
Beats out new spheres of life,  
But in the soul's deep silence,  
Like host with velvet shod,  
I hear the march of history,  
The silent feet of God.

And though my heart is weary  
And sinking in the strife  
Beneath the awful burdens  
And mysteries of life,  
Soon as the stillness deepens,  
Time phantoms fade from sight  
And leave my soul a-quiver  
With universal light,

Till all the past and future  
Are present to my soul,  
All time and space are current now,  
The part is as the whole.

## THE GATES OF LIFE

Thus standing mute, enraptured,  
    Enwreathed in cosmic light,  
The purpose of the ages  
    Unveils before my sight.

And now I know earth's strivings  
    And tears and wailings prove  
That Love is ever climbing  
    New Calvaries of Love.  
But he that loveth never  
    Is wasted in the strife;  
Who worship self accomplish  
    The tragedy of Life.

Far up the mount of beauty  
    Fair stands the city wall,  
The gates of God are open  
    And life is free to all.  
And when the soul doth enter  
    The life so rich and long,  
The stillness wakes to music  
    And everlasting song.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

For life is large and lofty,  
And Love is strong and bold,  
And only heroes enter  
The shining gates of gold.  
*Abounding life unmeasured*  
*Is theirs and theirs alone*  
*Whose lives are clearly sounding*  
*The universal tone.*

I waken from the vision  
And all the hills are bright  
With pink and rose and amethyst,  
A symphony of light;  
And still like sweetest nocturn,  
Dream-whispers from the west  
Trill out their shadow-music  
And all is perfect rest.

## SONG OF EMPIRE

### Song of Empire.

WINDS of all the continents,  
Waves of every sounding sea,  
Bear the flag of Albion,  
The standard of the free;  
Clarions sound the nation's songs  
While her armies march apace,  
God of battles, gird with power  
To free the human race.

O'er a hundred years ago,  
Nelson's cannon shook the Nile,  
And the Sphinx, astonished, watched  
Beside his ancient pile;  
But a second Nelson spoke  
And the Mahdi met his doom  
Where Omdurman's stroke avenged  
The Hero of Khartoum.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Over Afric's sunny realm  
Late the Lion pushed his paw,  
Now the Orange and the Cape  
Heed one imperial law,  
And the Triple Cross flies free  
Over Boers and Britons all,  
From the headlands of the south  
To the sources of the Vaal.

Where the mighty Ganges rolls  
From the slopes of Himalay,  
Where the sunset tips with fire  
The temples of Bombay,  
Britain rules with mild control  
From the Heights at Khyber Pass  
To the bounds of Mandalay,  
To the borders of Madras.

From the distant Austral land,  
Britain's heritage of peace,  
Kindred hearts unite with ours  
Across the western seas;

## SONG OF EMPIRE

Ample ocean continent

Where the Southern Cross shines clear,  
Chief of all earth's myriad isles,  
Queen of a hemisphere.

Onward to the golden West,

Onward to the bracing air,  
To the 'Indian Summer' skies  
Of Canada the Fair;

Land of fishes, woods and firs,  
Land of maples, oaks and pines,  
Grains and fruits and flowers rare,  
The prairies and the mines.

England to Gibraltar calls,

Malta sends the message on,  
Cyprus speaks to Egypt  
And India tells Ceylon;  
Now Australia hears the word,  
Hears Hongkong Vancouver call,  
Thunders the Dominion's voice  
To old Westminster Hall.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Marching on in every land,  
Floating fair on every tide,  
Waves the standard that we love,  
For which our fathers died.  
Every continent sustains  
Millions of our noble free,  
Great and good be all thy sons,  
Star of the empired sea.

---

### Ambition.

If thou dost seek to change the course of history  
And make the pace some faster to the goal,  
Be true and kind, for thus, by some sweet  
mystery,  
Thou giv'st a nobler tendence to the whole.

## LIEBESLIED

### Liebeslied.

EACH deathless star in the deep, dark sky  
Has said to me out of the night:  
"I am loving you here in my home on high,  
I am loving you here in the light."

The wind that blows on my cheeks and hair  
Is singing to me this song:  
"I am loving you, Dear One, out in the air,  
I am kissing you all the day long."

The grass I press in the summer sweet,  
Has lisped unto me this sound:  
"How I love to caress your wandering feet,  
I am loving you here on the ground."

The word of the wind and the starlight clear,  
Of the meadow with dew-drops pearled,  
Wheresoever I turn, I can always hear,  
For Love is the heart of the world.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

But how should I know how sweet and true  
Is the soul of the breeze and the sod,  
Had I never, My Own, in my love of you,  
Found the great, sweet heart of God.

---

### One Consciousness.

ONE Consciousness is all that is or evermore can  
be;  
Are not the billows of the world one all-em-  
bracing sea?  
With The Eternal I am one, and only thus am  
free.  
I rise superior to fate; I challenge fear, I forfeit  
ease,  
I stand heroic and elate, and strong amid the  
eternities.



## TWIN BREEZES

### Twin Breezes.

WHILE the breezes,  
One bright morn,  
Rustled through the  
Yellow corn,  
Chloris, by the flowers kist,  
Zephyr, chaser of the mist,  
Strayed afar from  
All their kin,  
From the rustling  
Cornfield's din,  
Wandered far 'neath sun and sky,  
Flower-Breeze and West Wind's Sigh.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Whispered Chloris,  
Flower-kist,  
To the Chaser  
Of the Mist:  
“From the winds that blow outside  
Let us steal away and hide;  
Let us hide a  
Hundred years  
In the vale of  
Smiles and tears.”  
“Let’s,” said Chaser of the Mist,  
Unto Chloris, flower-kist.

So they fled, ’neath  
Starry sky,  
Flower-breath, and  
West-wind’s sigh;  
Stealthily within the house  
Hid as quiet as a mouse;  
For a long, long  
Time they hid,  
Out of sight, these  
Breezes did;  
Like a hermit in a hut,  
Like a kernel in a nut.

## TWIN BREEZES

But one morning  
On our gaze,  
Out they sprang, to  
Our amaze;  
Came forth first the Flower-kist,  
Then the Chaser of the Mist.  
How they sang, to  
Cheer their host,  
Drinking many,  
Many a toast,  
Till their little limbs grew long,  
Till they waxed both stout and strong.

Then they romped from  
Early dawn  
Till the sunset,  
On the lawn,  
Or in attic, screaming loudly,  
Rode their wooden war-horse proudly.  
How those precious  
Little pets  
Sang their solos  
And duetts,  
Sometimes loud and sometimes low,  
Some were fast and some were slow.

## THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD

Sang they both, in  
Various voice,  
Never giving  
Us the choice  
Of their method, tune, or time,  
Whether trivial or sublime.  
Thus they spent the  
Fleeting years  
In the vale of  
Smiles and tears;  
Chloris, flower-fairy mine,  
Zephyr, murmur of the pine.

But I sometimes  
Seem to hear  
Far-off music  
In the air,  
Catch a glimpse of heavenly light  
From the land that knows no night.  
Then it seems that  
Chloris mine,  
And my Music  
Of the Pine,  
Have achieved their lofty graces  
In the light of heavenly places.

## TWIN BREEZES

All their frolic  
And their fun  
Are reflected  
From the sun;  
I can see in those frank eyes  
Truth as open as the skies;  
From some far-off  
Isle of peace  
Where from wrong the  
Wicked cease  
They have heard the music flow,  
Caught heaven's harmony, I know.

Thus I learn that  
Flower-kist  
And my Chaser  
Of the Mist  
Are the angels God has sent  
On some heavenly mission bent;  
Some bright purpose  
He will let  
Each accomplish  
For Him yet,  
For I see His gifts and graces  
In the light of those twin faces.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### The Fishers.

WHERE the fishers, rocking, resting,  
Or anon, the billows breasting,  
    Feel the pathos of the ocean  
    Where they toss with constant motion,  
        Drifting on the sea;

All its subtle odors breathing,  
Where its surges, foaming, seething,  
    Blending with the moving cloud rifts,  
    Woo the soft winds and the star-drifts  
        O'er the mighty sea;

Whether going forth or homing,  
In the midnight or the gloaming,  
    They are drawing in the gladness  
    Of the sunshine, or the sadness  
        Of the boundless sea.

## THE FISHERS

One they are with all surrounding,  
With the angry surf, resounding,  
From the far-off coasts and shallows,  
One with all that makes or hallows  
Memories of the sea.

Lonely dwellers on the ocean,  
Evermore your brave devotion  
Lives in all your sons, abiding,  
Leavening their souls, and guiding  
O'er life's fitful sea.

All the ocean's moods and tenses,  
Whispers, whimsies, subtle senses,  
All its deafening boom and thunder,  
All the terror, gloom and wonder  
Of the stormful sea;

All the restless moaning, shifting  
Mists and shadows, cloud-forms drifting,  
Heaving waters, vast, unbounded,  
Deep, mysterious, unsounded,  
Of the changeful sea,



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Builted into soul and sinew  
Of the fisher, draw and win you  
By the patience and the power  
Born of changeful sun and shower  
On the wind-swept sea.

In our nation's many races,  
May we never miss the traces  
Of the sweep and width and wonder,  
Of the calm and storm and thunder,  
Of the open sea.

## UNDER THE OPEN SKY

### Under the Open Sky.

UNDER the open sky, its myriad star-points  
gleaming,  
The gibbous moon swings up from the eastern  
hills,  
The pine-tree moans as the breeze sweeps  
through its Eolian heart.  
I listen intent to the music and find the music  
within me;  
I gaze on the white, silent moon—its light is  
within my soul;  
The stars, too, shine out of the vast reaches of  
my own consciousness.  
The open heavens are too small to contain me;  
I contain them.  
I crowd them all into the merest corner of my  
soul  
And sometimes forget they are there.  
I never fail to forget when thou art remembered,  
O Love.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### In Patmos.

AMONG the Isles of Greece  
Pavilioned by the sky, and by the sea  
Engirdled, stern Patino\* breasts the flood,  
And rears to heaven, upon a rocky base,  
Its bold acropolis. Thence to behold  
The sun above the Asian mountains rise,  
Is one wild dream of joy; but when the day  
Sinks down behind the sea and leaves the world  
Environed with the stars, some mystic power,  
Pervading night, steals softly o'er the soul  
And thrills it with a wondrous loneliness—  
Sweet agony of infinite desire,  
A yearning like the prayer whose pleading love  
Unveils the universe.

Rugged the isle,  
And barren now, but winterless, save when  
Euroclydon, the gale nursed in the north,

\* The modern name of Patmos.

## IN PATMOS

Comes whirling down in rage, his breath a  
storm;  
Or when, from Ida or Olympus borne,  
The trailing cirrhus, tost and frayed, sweeps on  
Past Samos, Patmos, Cos, wind-torn and wild.  
Like siren's hair the wanton tresses fly  
Across the lonely monastery's height  
Where once a happy Grecian city stood.  
One palm remains, the last of that fair grove  
That once gave name, 'Palmosa,' to the shore  
Washed by the Icarian Sea.

In those dark days  
When fierce Domitian scourged the saints of  
God,  
Patmos a prison was. Here John beloved,  
Sequestered long by Caesar and the sea,  
Sat oft and saw Rome's ships like spectres glide  
Across the placid wave with merchandise  
To Ephesus or Corinth and the West.  
These anchored not beside the lonely Isle  
Without Domitian's word, nor in its bay,  
Best harbor of the Isles, found rest.

. . . . .

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

'Twas on a day, first of the seven, ere yet  
The sun had quenched the stars, John stood  
alone,

And thought of Galilee, of days and dawns  
When, lingering near the ever sacred sea,  
He talked with him whose word was music  
still—

A mystic melody that thrilled his soul,  
When hark! A voice of trumpet volume rolled,  
Far louder than the distant thunder's roar.  
It echoed like a thousand cataracts,  
Filling with awful music earth and sky.  
John turned; but when he saw the majesty,  
The face of splendor in the midst of stars,  
The eyes of flame, the stature of a god,  
Strengthless, in awe and fear, he fell as dead  
Upon the rocky slope beneath the palms.  
Then spake the vision, saying in clear tones:  
"Rise and fear not, but stand. I ever live  
And hold the keys of life. Write what I say.

To Ephesus:

    'Faint not. Thy worth I know.  
Keep thy first love; so shalt thou overcome  
And eat the fruit of life in Paradise.'

## IN PATMOS

To Smyrna write:

‘Ye heroes! Fear ye not.  
I know your bonds, your poverty, your pain,  
Nothing is finer than your faithfulness.  
Life is your crown, and ye are rich indeed.’

To Pergamos:

‘Thou holdest fast my name  
Even in Satan’s seat. Well done. Yield not  
With any compromise to sin. I give  
To thee a name, a sweet and sacred name  
Which none shall know but I and thee alone,  
And it shall tell my love and power in thee.’

To Thyatira write:

‘Thy labors all,  
Thy kindly, faithful services I see;  
But be thou pure, for thus shalt thou be strong.  
*Be Pure*, and, over self, dominion hold,  
BE PURE and unto thee the world shall bow.’

To Sardis write:

‘Awake! Arise! Hold fast,  
Or thou shalt die. Thou hast a few that walk  
Spotless with me. To these I give my Life.’

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

To Philadelphia:

‘Thine enemies  
Shall worship thee and through the open door  
Of victory thy faithful feet shall pass,  
For I have loved thee. Thou hast kept my  
word.  
Upon thy head shall be a crown of life.’

Laodicea:

‘Thou art not alive,  
Nor art thou dead; thou art not cold nor hot.  
Thy wealth is all thy confidence, but thou  
Art wretched, naked, blind and poor. Trust  
not  
The untried gold. Behold I stand here long  
And knock, and knock. Lo, he that openeth  
The door to me shall rise to power and reign  
On Life’s high throne.’”

This passed, and, rolling on,  
The canvass of the wondrous dream displayed  
The drama of the world and destiny—  
The web of history, the warp of years,  
While life’s swift shuttle shot through strands  
of time  
In voices, trumpets, judgments, life and death,



## IN PATMOS

Nations cast down and mighty kings dethroned,  
Exterminating wars, the power of greed,  
The woes of the abyss—all came and passed  
In one imposing panorama till  
The flight of ages and the dream of life  
Were pictured in an hour.

Loud trumpets blared,  
And lightnings burst forth from a flame-  
wreathed throne,  
And stars in wild confusion hurtling down  
Proclaimed the passing of all things outworn,  
In thunder, storm and fire.

Then came the end—  
The consummation of the will of God,  
The perfect life for which all life was given,  
God's peace established in a new-born earth,  
And earth forevermore the highest heaven.  
*'Tis Love makes heaven, not space amid the  
stars.*

All sin was put away. The abyss of fire  
Destroyed the merest memory of wrong.  
Of the transgressors hurtful to their kind,  
Not one remained in all the multitude.  
That thronged the wide dominions of the world  
By love transfigured and by truth transformed.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

The voice of an innumerable throng  
Vestured in white, rang through the trembling  
air

Till 'round the throne there surged a sea of  
song.

These were the faithful souls that had endured  
The fearful persecutions of their time,  
Now nevermore to hunger, weep, or die,  
For God himself had wiped their tears away  
And there was no more death.

. . . . .  
The vision passed,  
And when it ceased, the day was almost done.  
The sun descending o'er the western wave  
Was marshalled down by couriers of fire;  
The palms threw out their shadows o'er the sea;  
A ship that sought Miletus, thither bound,  
Sailed by and into the Meander veered.  
The zephyrs of the sea, that fanned the day  
To sleep, caressed the silver hair that framed  
Th' Apostle's noble face with light. He turned,  
Bearing in his glad heart faith in that Love  
Which rocks the world to rest, Whose sympathy  
Will let neither a sparrow nor an empire fall  
Unheeded or alone.

## HE CARES

### He Cares.

GOD seems, sometimes, not for our souls to care,  
But like the still, cold air,  
The clear, keen stars, the ravening, cruel sea,  
Unmindful of our joys and woes to be.  
Despairing, self-outlawed,  
We cry in bitterness, "There is no God."

Through the cold night the silent star-lamps  
burn  
And evermore return  
In the same orbits fixed for aye.  
"It is but law, it is not choice," we say,  
"If God knew all, He'd chide  
And sometimes even turn the stars aside."

"Surely," we say sometimes, "If God were true,  
He'd keep the sky all blue  
Instead of gray, or make more rain to fall  
When rain is manifestly good for all.  
He cannot know the strain  
When hearts are broken, souls o'erwhelmed with  
pain."

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Some hope denied, like foolish child we fret  
Because we cannot get  
The thing we most desire. When we shall  
grow  
Godlike in thought and will, our souls shall  
know  
That there is nought sublime  
That we shall ever reach unless we climb.

How shall we leave the struggle out of life  
Yet victories win? The strife  
Remove, which mastery and conquest brings,  
Yet make our hearts the thrones of mighty  
kings?  
How, if they never stumble  
Shall souls untried be great, yet humble?

Along the invisible zodiac's bars,  
Thou hast not swung the stars,  
Nor held in their high place the circling spheres  
For even one brief hour of all the years;  
And wouldst thou criticize  
The Power divine whose word commands the  
skies?

## HE CARES

Hath not God spoken even unto thee,  
Till thou couldst almost see  
With open vision, all His glory bright  
Transfiguring thy soul with Love's fair light?  
Hath not thine open ear  
Heard some faint echo of Heaven's music clear?

Though man combines in intellect and soul  
The purpose of the whole  
Dream not that man has feeling, will or thought,  
Or any consciousness that God has not.  
Shall any part so small  
Exceed in any way the Soul of All?

Shall God lack consciousness, or will, or care,  
Whose universe so fair  
Is nicely fitted to the use of man,  
Showing the marks of an eternal plan,  
So that we ever find  
The evidence of an Eternal Mind?

Thou canst not fully sever thine own soul  
From Him who is its goal.  
The very sympathies that move thy heart

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Prove that of His Great Soul thou art a part.  
Thus doth thy pity heal  
Thy woes, thyself and God to thee reveal.

Thou sayest "He cares not," or "He is asleep,"  
"Knows not the fearful steep  
I climb alone, my awful burden bearing,  
With neither God nor man my sorrow sharing;  
Forsakes me on the cross  
And cares not that I suffer pain or loss."

O weary Brother, thou art not alone;  
Thy God-forsaken moan  
Has pierced the ages with that awful word  
Since on Golgotha's brow it first was heard,  
Since, like a tragic knell,  
Upon the Syrian air its accents fell.

Do not in thy deep sorrow-blindness charge  
Benevolence so large  
With heartlessness, or for one moment's space  
Blot from thy heart the image of His face  
Whose love lights up thine own  
And makes thy life His temple and His throne.

## LUX UBIQUE

All that is seen in billow, star or strand,  
In fen or fertile land,  
In garden, field or farm or city street,  
Are multiplex designs whose imports meet  
In God's majestic plan,  
Conceived in love, and now revealed to man.

Love is sufficient, though God's power may be  
No open sesame  
To every door, yet shall His guiding fire,  
The emblem of Love' infinite desire,  
Be pillared on the skies  
To show us, pilgrims, where his love-land lies.

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### Lux Ubique.

THE sun can find no darkness anywhere,  
Where'er his bright eye turns is daylight fair.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD.

### Lines Written for a Wedding.

WE'RE all born lonesome. To ourselves ad-  
dicted,  
Straightway we weep, and by our thoughts  
afflicted,  
We wander up and down the lonely spaces  
Of our own consciousness, and find no traces  
Of personal bliss derived from our own graces.  
We look around us on the earth and stars,  
The birds and flowers, the crescent moon, and  
Mars,  
The swelling sea, the mountain's weird mag-  
nificence,  
The shaded dell, the forest's deep significance,  
The tumbling torrent's foam o'er wild cascades,  
The sunset's splendors and soft evening shades;  
These hold our keen attention for an hour,  
But soon we learn that nature has no power  
To clear the shadows from the soul, and part  
The clouds that sadden and depress the heart  
Discouraged here at length, from nature's views  
We turn to art and beauty, music and the muse.

## LINES WRITTEN FOR A WEDDING

Art gives a subtle satisfaction for a while,  
And charms us with its form, and tone, and  
style;  
But soon we learn that Art can never bring  
Into our wintry souls perennial spring.

We turn again upon our lonely path,  
Wondering if wisdom still no solace hath  
For our dejection.

Then we seek the sages  
Who long have conned the wisdom of the ages;  
The whence, the whither, and the why is sought,  
The what, the how, and the eternal ought.  
Pure reason seemed to be a sun, but soon  
Pales sadly, and we know 'tis but a moon  
Total-eclipsed, and all the murk of night  
Obscures the last, least, ling'ring ray of light.

And now there comes the keen conviction  
That after all, true joy is but a fiction,  
And all the course of life a deep affliction.  
At length we find the cure of all our trouble  
When we decide henceforth to travel double;  
Some charming maid, on heaven's mission bent,

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Looms on our sight, our woes to circumvent,  
Pierces anon the citadel of life,  
Becomes our mentor, manager and wife.  
And now behold, our riddle's straightway read,  
No more we scan the wisdom of the dead,  
But read in living eyes that read again  
The feelings, thoughts and purposes of men.

Here would I cease; indeed 'twere well I could  
Make end of such a story in such mood:  
Then would I bow to you with low salaam  
And close the door with the accustomed slam;  
But truth forbids, and truth cannot be mended,  
And truth to say, our troubles are not ended  
When we are wed.

Without true love, and lovely truth,  
We never can attain the dreams of youth;  
The altar contract is a hideous shackle  
For which no convict would exchange his tackle;  
But with them, all is heaven, beneath, above;  
For even hell's emparadised by love.

How vain that eager and impulsive joy  
That finds an ecstasy in every toy—

## LINES WRITTEN FOR A WEDDING

In fashion or machine-made charity,  
In imitative art or debonair society.  
How shallow is that heart that's satisfied  
With club or politics, or pretty bride.

We never own her queen whose stern demands  
Compel the toil of our unwilling hands,  
Who claims from us more than her love compels  
And loves no more than her indifference tells;  
And yet we give our love with rare delight  
To her, who, though she claims it not—her right  
By virtue of her bond—our life doth move  
To heights of glory by her matchless love.

Oh that the muse would give me words more  
    terse,  
A wider compass on the instrument of verse,  
To speak of such a love as it is meet,  
In deep, rich tones of song divinely sweet.  
With such a heart to love and trust me well,  
I'd scale the heights of heaven, I'd dare the deeps  
    of hell;  
Love's throbbing wing should mount through  
    gloom and glare,  
And soaring, pierce the palpitating air,

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Mount to the gates of God through many a  
    strife  
And storm the heavens for more abundant life.

The bliss of heaven was Love, even from of old,  
But love returned makes heaven a thousand-  
    fold—

Makes the soul brave and strong and free  
To stand serene and fair before eternity.  
When love divine all life with joy shall leaven  
'Twill make a fairer earth, a far diviner heaven;  
'Twill bathe with holy light the sea, the sky,  
    the sod,  
And glorify the human with the character of  
    God.

---

### Love.

O SOVEREIGN Love, as pure as frost  
That tips the mountain where it towers  
And in the fleecy sky is lost,  
Yet warm as sunshine on the flowers.

## I SPEAK WITH THEE

### I Speak With Thee.

(*Rondeau.*)

I SPEAK with thee, and all is bright;  
The sky is deeper blue, the night  
Is rich with song, though stars are still;  
Thy thought with music doth the silence fill,  
And all the firmament with light.

The clouds hang low, and cold, and white,  
The morning air is chill despite  
The splendors of the sun, until  
I speak with thee.

But thou hast wings and ready flight,  
And when my thoughts with thine unite  
I mount the thronéd skies; the thrill  
Of perfect life is mine, so will  
I speak with thee.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### The Saguenay.

FOAMS thy torrent, Saguenay,  
Down its dark abysmal way;  
    Pluto's river, stream unique,  
    Pent in crag-line, cliff and peak.

'Twas no wild, relentless force  
Grooved the mountains for thy course;  
    'Twas no giant of the cave  
    Cleared a channel for thy wave.

'Twas no fearsome, weird phantasm  
Blasted out that awful chasm,  
    While above all human reach  
    Yawned the cavern of La Niche.

No grim Titan of the height  
From the spacious womb of night  
    Smote the highlands till they broke  
    'Neath the fury of His stroke.

## THE SAGUENAY

'Twas the mighty hand of God  
Smote the mountains with His rod  
While His lightnings deep thereunder  
Burst earth's rock-ribbed crust asunder.

Bade the waters pass elate  
Through that mighty rivergate  
Where the capes, like sentries, rise  
To the beaming, azure skies.

Bade the waters of St. John,  
Swift, impetuous and strong,  
Meet the sea-tides rolling back  
From the shores of Tadousac.

It was boundless Love's desire  
Burst the bonds of cosmic fire,  
Tore the earth's rock-robcs apart,  
Cooled her fever-heated heart.

Hence that gorge, so deep, so high,  
Corridor of rock and sky,  
With God's peace inspires the breast—  
Mingled majesty and rest.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### A Rift in the Clouds.

THE sky was gray, and the dreary day  
Dragged on its weary hours;  
A drizzling rain dimmed the window pane,  
In the month of birds and flowers.

Oh, dull was the day in that month of May,  
And joy and merriment died;  
“The world is sad when it should be glad,”  
My lonely spirit sighed.

But lo! in the west, like a harbor of rest  
On the shore of an infinite sea,  
Burst a sky-blue band from the shadowless  
land,—  
A dream of eternity.

## A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS

From between the cloud-forms in that belt of  
storms,

Hope looked with a gaze so true  
That Joy saw her face in that deep, blue space,  
And sprang into life anew.

Then out through the bars, from the home of the  
stars,

All the promise of life came back,  
And the clouds so gray that had darkened the  
day  
Grew bright in their heavenly track.

No more I'll complain, in the storm and rain,  
That life is dull and sad,  
For behind the shroud of the veiling cloud,  
The heavens are always glad.

So ever hence, though the clouds be dense,  
I'll remember that heaven is true;  
And gold could not buy that dream of the sky,  
That glimpse of the infinite blue.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Great Music.

A STORM of rare and unimagined sweetness—  
Accumulated treasure of the past,  
Comes sweeping down the avenues and vistas  
Of unremembered æons old and vast.

Prodigious energies and pent emotions,  
Till now unuttered through the ages long,  
Have burst in music through the ancient flood-  
gates,  
Descending like an avalanche of song.

The 'phantom pains of many perished passions,'  
The toilsome struggle up the hills of strife,  
Weird shades of old heredities, awakened,  
Teem down the years and through the gates  
of life.

## GREAT MUSIC

Thus music, like a mystic incantation,  
Calls up time-spectres in a ghostly throng,  
And in a voice of love and power transcendent,  
Encompasses the centuries in a song.

Or, like the sound of many distant waters,  
When deep to deep across the ages calls,  
The subtle pathos and the thrill of music  
Uplift the soul, where'er its cadence falls.

It gathers tones of tender thought and feeling  
And blends them into one harmonious whole—  
Eternal chords of perfect rest and healing,  
The surf-line music of the sea of soul.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Turn Back, O Chariot.

(*Rondel.*)

TURN back, O Chariot of Time,  
And bring my youth again to me,  
Take all the glitter of my prime,  
But leave me sweet simplicity.

From gilded phrase of pharisee,  
From pious semblance, mock-sublime,  
Turn back, O Chariot of Time,  
And bring my youth again to me.

Some Ariel wand, some magic rime,  
With mystic art the change decree,  
Transform me till once more I climb  
For cherries in the garden tree.  
Turn back, O Chariot of Time,  
And bring my youth again to me.

## CHILDREN'S PRAYER

### Children's Prayer.

HEAR, O Heavenly Father, hear us,  
While our voices rise to Thee:  
Saviour, guide us and be near us,  
Help us all to follow Thee.

When the robes of night enfold us,  
May we feel that Thou art near; ,  
May Thy loving hand still hold us  
Though the day is shining clear.

In life's battles, Lord, defend us,  
May we true and faithful be;  
We will go where Thou dost send us,  
We will try to be like Thee.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Night in June.

THE stars are drifting down the west,  
And night and silence woo to rest.

The sentry moon with silvery gleam  
Glides softly down the stellar stream.

No sound betrays the ghostly powers  
Whose shadows haunt the mystic hours.

The zephyrs pay me tribute rare,  
In odorous, nectar-laden air.

The earth and heaven are all atune  
With soundless song this night in June.

All is so silent in the street  
I almost hear those engines beat

## NIGHT IN JUNE

That swing the worlds with solemn sway  
Along their radiant, starlit way,

Where all the planets nightly march  
Ablaze, athwart the gleaming arch.

The winds are dumb, the waters rest,  
The clouds in quiet moonlight drest

Lie slumbering in the lower skies  
Where moonbeams fade and starlight dies.

The world is rare, and sweet, and bright,  
This peerless, leafy, glad June night.

A dream of heaven, a voiceless tune,  
A lover's joy, this night in June.

The stars are drifting down the west,  
And night and silence woo to rest.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Ideal Canada.

AMONG these cloud-reefed hills we'll build a  
state  
Fairer than prophet's dream, firmer than fate,  
Where luxury and lust shall not despoil,  
Where wealth shall be to worth—the fruit of  
toil.

Where man shall be as steel in brawn and nerve,  
And free, only because he loves to serve.  
And none shall gain by wrong, or spoil, or  
fraud,  
Where poverty's unknown and greed outlawed.

Each shall respect the rights that others hold  
When all are true as truth and pure as gold.  
Our Canada shall then securely stand,  
The home of our desire, our Holy Land.

## ESPERANZA

Her mountains tipped with snow, her summer  
days,

Her forests, fields and lakes, her pleasant bays,  
And all her fruitful lands and waters bright  
Shall be a praise and joy, the world's delight.

May this delightful dream with hope inspire  
Till each shall see at last his soul's desire;  
Till peace shall reign serene o'er stream and  
sod,  
And all the echoing hills shall praise our God.

---

### Esperanza.

GIVE life a vaster sweep, let Love's wide orbit  
run,

Majestic through the deep, full circuit of the  
sun.

What though bright years be past, and radiant  
stars be set;

Their joys are not the last, there shall be  
brighter yet.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Though all the Music.

THOUGH all the music in the world be dumb  
The vibrant heart still hears the impassioned  
song,  
And when the storm is stilled, the foe o'ercome,  
The soul that spent its forces shall be strong.

All energies have rest for final fate;  
Grace is the goal of each disordered form;  
Love's the divine significance of hate  
And tenderness the meaning of the storm.

The fire is fire though there be no flame;  
The sun still shines though half the world's  
in night,  
And peace is but the brief and cunning name  
That veils the shock and fury of the fight.

## COMPENSATION

The soul in leash of decorous decree  
Is still the wild arena of desire;  
Though whipped to line of strict conformity,  
The flame still burns, still lives the raging  
fire.

Thus ever strife is peace, and calm is storm,  
And far is near, and near is out of sight;  
The spirit gives the only real form  
To every fleeting phantom in its flight.

---

### Compensation.

THERE'S music in life's discords, and gain in  
every loss;  
There's joy for every sorrow, a crown for every  
cross.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Heroes.

(*Medley.*)

SPEAKING of heroes,  
They are men who much attract us,  
And the fact is  
That as to theories,  
I am one, and all that's lacked is  
Just—*the practice.*

The difference is zero  
'Twixt me and a hero  
With only this trifling exception,  
That he is one now  
And I shall be, I vow,—  
The difference is one of inception.

Of heroes I'm not a full-fledged one,  
A confession I make to my sorrow;  
A hero's a hero at all times,  
I—always a hero to-morrow.

## HEROES

The difference 'twixt a hero  
And a common man like me  
Is that he is a hero now,  
And I—intend to be.

When I wish to play the hero,  
I get in such a flurry,  
And the thing's in such a hurry  
And won't wait,  
That—to shorten up the story—  
Someone else has got the glory,  
I'm too late.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Adjustment.

I SAID good-bye to the friends at home  
And put out alone on life's wide sea,  
With visions of hope and dreams of joy  
That waited with open arms for me.

But the years were swift and the winds were  
keen,  
And my storm-tost bark was frail and old;  
I was chilled to the heart as I floated on  
'Neath a sky of gray o'er the waters cold.

Then I looked afar o'er the western wave,  
Where the sun had set in a golden sea,  
And my being was swayed by the mighty rhythm,  
And tuned to the march of eternity.

## ADJUSTMENT

And somehow the roll of the shining wave,  
The sweep and stroke of my tireless oar,  
Are now singing to me, oh so wondrously,  
A music I never heard before.

And I know the time is coming soon  
When the dawn shall burst into golden day,  
And the noises of earth, so harsh and shrill,  
Shall be hushed till we hear what the angels  
say.

And there comes assurance, sweet and strong,  
Of a love that lives in life's darkest hour,  
That throbs at the heart of the universe,  
And thrills me too with its sweetness and  
power.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

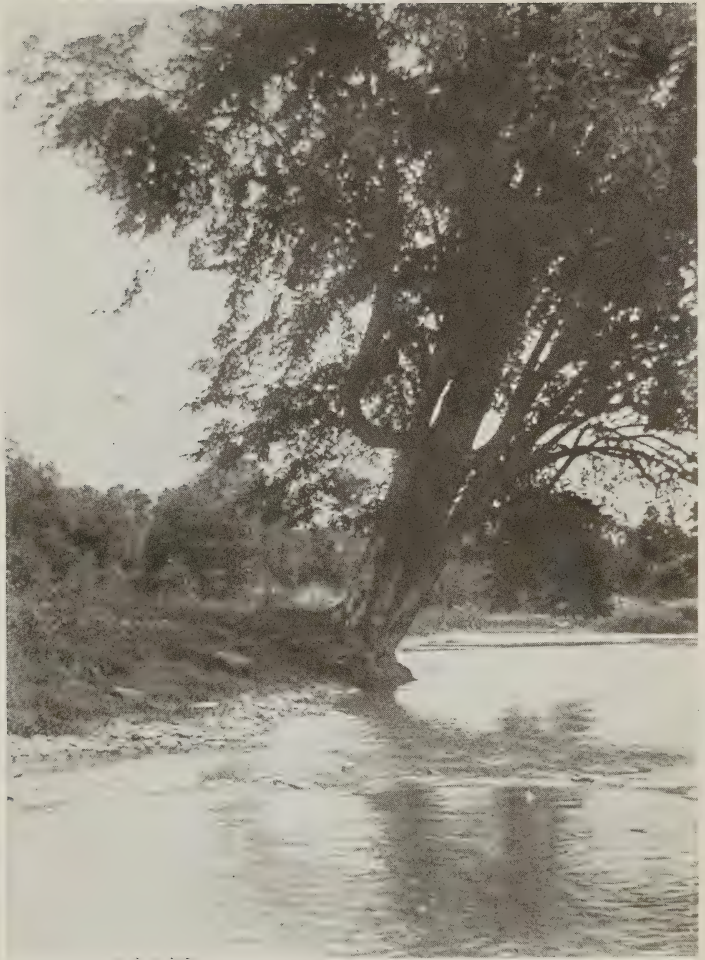
### Voices of the Past.

I STOOD amid the scenes of happy childhood  
And heard again the voices of the past,  
Low-murmuring streams, and odors from the  
wild-wood,  
Their magic charm o'er all my being cast.

I heard again those voices sweetly singing  
The songs of love and praise we sang of yore,  
Their music seemed like heavenly echoes,  
ringing  
Back in their course from some celestial shore.

The hopes and dreams of other years were  
fading  
Beyond the reach of mem'ry's farthest range,  
But now they live, my spirit all pervading,  
And nevermore shall know the power to  
change.





“The mystic music of the shaded river.”

## LUXURY

Sing on, sweet voices, sing, oh sing for ever  
Of love, and home, and childhood's golden  
hours,  
The mystic music of the shaded river,  
The voice of song-birds and the breath of  
flowers.

Flow gently on, ye years, your burdens bringing,  
Your smiles and joys shall age and death defy,  
All sorrow fades, but joy keeps ever singing:  
*Love is immortal and can never die.*

---

## Luxury.

ALAS, these much-esteemed immunities  
Call me to judgment and condemn me none;  
For each of them I bartered opportunities,  
And now I see myself in clearer light,  
A wretched pauper and a parasite.



THE GUSTO TREE AT THE STONY HILL

## LUXURY

Sing on, sweet voices, sing, oh sing for ever  
Of love, and home, and childhood's golden  
hours,

The mystic music of the shaded river,  
The voice of song-birds and the breath of  
flowers.

Flow gently on, ye years, your burdens bringing,  
Your smiles and joys shall age and death defy,  
All sorrow fades, but joy keeps ever singing:  
*Love is immortal and can never die.*

---

### Luxury.

ALAS, these much-esteemed immunities  
Call me to judgment and condemn me quite;  
For each of them I bartered opportunities,  
And now I see myself in clearer light,  
A wretched pauper and a parasite.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Home.

THE peace of death has come  
    Into his soul, whose life was peace,  
And in his cottage home,  
    Vine-clad, 'mid trees and flowers,  
    He lies, while gentle showers,  
Like sympathetic tears, fall from the skies,  
As there the aged pilgrim dies.

A thousand times or more  
    Upon his course the moon had waxed and  
        waned,  
Yet vigorous he bore  
    The weight of years, then, calm  
    As note of evening psalm,  
Launched on the shoreless sea, and from death's  
    strife  
Entered triumphant through the gates of life.

## HOME

His simple piety

Lit up his kindly face, and righteousness  
And high-souled honesty

Were in his actions, so  
That none may ever know  
The full significance of that true life  
So full of firmness and so free from strife.

Calm as the silent hills

In heather robed beneath the cloud-forms  
white,  
When glittering dew distils  
And stars shine bright  
On vale and height;  
So, mastered by his soul, in strength he stood,  
A witness that the ways of God are good.

Sons of brave sires, fail not,

But be ye strong to do such deeds as those  
Your sturdy fathers wrought;  
The barriers to heaven  
Break down, and with the leaven  
Of truth and love, the earth renew and claim  
This world for heaven in your fathers' name.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### September.

How perfect is that opal haze  
That wraps the soft September days  
In atmosphere of Eden's rest  
By sunshine kissed and breeze caressed.

All the rich harvest's treasured yield  
Is borne from every fertile field,  
But summer lingers for a time,  
In sacred nights, and days sublime.

Stay with us still, peerless, serene  
September days. What though the green  
Is fading from the flowerless sod?  
Each morning is the smile of God.

## WHO IS IT?

### Who Is It?

If he has to, he will not,  
He will if he mustn't;  
He does if he shouldn't  
And should if he doesn't.

If he can, he won't try it,  
If he cannot he wants to;  
Whatever's forbidden,  
That's just what he's drawn to.

You'd have him a sage,  
Then he'll talk like a fool;  
He's as cross as a saw-horse  
And acts like a mule.

"Who is it?" you ask,  
I should like to know, too,  
But it's your private task  
To take care 't isn't you.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### The White Hyacinth.

CAME to my door one winter night,  
From an unknown hand, a flower white.

Was it bread on the waters cast, I wondered,  
Returning after days unnumbered?

Or had some soul, as a simple dower  
Burnt incense of love in the breath of a flower?

Perchance some word, or smile, or tear,  
Some tender thought to help or cheer,

Some gentle deed of kindness, done  
To disperse the cloud and reveal the sun,

## THE WHITE HYACINTH

Had strayed away into realms of light  
And returned again that winter night.

It was only a flower, but its fragrance came  
Like incense sweet from an altar flame;

A simple gift, but that little flower  
Uplifted my soul in a darksome hour.

And never the breath of that gift shall die  
Though its form in the dust of time shall lie.

Its beauty shall breathe through the air above  
And enwreath even pain with the glory of love.

Its fragrance sweet shall always rise  
Like the mem'ry of song when the music dies.

No matter who sent that symbol of light  
To my welcoming heart that winter night,

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

I pray that Heaven may ever send  
Its richest grace to the heart of my friend

Who brought on that winter night to my door  
His message of love in the heart of a flower.

---

### Comradeship.

WHEN all is past, and earth's brief life is  
    ending,  
    This shall sustain my soul in triumph then,  
That God and man have loved me so divinely,  
    And I have loved and helped my fellow-men.

## NIGHT AND DEATH

### Night and Death.

O SACRED Night, how gently dost thou lay  
Thy soothing hand upon the dying day,  
And close each weary eye with tender care,  
And hush to rest in holy peace and prayer.

So comes the night of death with radiant calm,  
Like benediction after evening psalm;  
Death is the dawn of life, its night the rising  
    morn,  
Its darkness day; dying is being born.

Death leads to life wherein is no decay,  
And night's a voyage into fadeless day—  
A point of darkness in a world of light,  
'Tis always morning just beyond the night.

We sleep, and dream glad dreams of love and  
    trust;  
We die, and when our outer being turns to dust,  
Then deathless love life's music doth prolong  
In pure heart-tones of heaven's eternal song.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Transfiguration.

OUT from the realms of the eternal land  
A voice came singing tones so sweet to me  
They waked within my spirit chords so grand  
That heaven alone could match their harmony.

Those rare sweet tones had blended into song  
The treasured memories of all the years,  
Had mingled joy's glad notes so rich and strong  
With sorrow's tender plaint of grief and  
tears.

Mysterious music everywhere I heard,  
And felt my own glad heart the joy prolong;  
Responsive chords through all my being stirred  
Till all my soul was melted into song.

Far deeper than the hush of woodland shade  
And grander than the earth's sublimest song,  
Swept through my soul that wondrous serenade  
So rich and pure, so permanent and strong.

## TRANSFIGURATION.

I heard the deep and solemn undertone,  
And felt the rhythmic beat of nature's heart;  
Henceforth I live as one whose soul has known  
The rapturous thrill of heaven's all-perfect  
art.

Now all the music of the silence teems  
With subtle, soundless chords, so clear and  
grand,  
That in their cadences my spirit seems  
To catch dim echoes from the heavenly land.

The mystic charms of dream and shadow steal,  
Like odors sweet from holy censer thrown,  
And enter my glad spirit, till I feel  
Beneath their spell my life intenser grown.

Now all the world's dull coat of sombre gray  
Glow's brightly 'neath the golden sun and  
stars,  
For love's clear light has chased the gloom  
away  
And broken through the cloud-encompassed  
bars.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Evanescence.

THE ancient stars their sentry keep,  
The winds of God still blow;  
The ocean smites the rocky steep,  
The hills sublime are mantled deep  
In everlasting snow.

But time has turned man's towers to dust;  
His hosts with iron shod,  
And all the temples of his trust,  
Have vanished, with his pride and lust,  
Before the breath of God.

Of man's achievements, every trace  
Soon mingles with the dust;  
This only time cannot efface—  
To be a brother to the race,  
To love, and toil, and trust.

## THE EVERLASTING ARMS

### The Everlasting Arms.

OUT of God's thought, into God's heart,  
Lo such thy lot. The cloud-reefs part,  
Brightness ahead and land in sight,  
Sweet vinelands bathed in golden light.

Love's torch alight, and safe the ark,  
And calm the sea when souls embark;  
In storm and fire, though wild the night,  
Yet safe the ark, Love's torch alight.

Down through the narrow straits of sleep,  
Assured of life beyond, we sweep  
From deep to deep and trust Thy might,  
O Love, our Pilot, Love our Light.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Niagara.

A THOUSAND streams all gather into one  
And in thy thunders sink:  
Four mighty seas to thy dread margin run,  
And dare thine awful brink.

The shock of cavalry in battle-sweep,  
The might of war's impact,  
Are whispers, to the thunder o'er the steep  
Of thy great cataract.

While yet there was no ear to hear thy moan  
And all the earth was young,  
Out on the lonely air thy monotone  
Its deep vibrations flung.

The sun was painting rainbows on the mist  
That veiled thy watery crown,  
When fierce Cambyses staggered all the East  
And trampled Egypt down.

## NIAGARA

Still boomed thy flood in ceaseless cannonade,  
And seethed in yeasty foam,  
When Goth and Vandal in destruction laid  
The towers of ancient Rome.

Thy torrent breaks the adamantine rock  
And hurls it from the height;  
The firm-knit earth cannot withstand the shock  
Of thy propulsive might.

How wild the storm that ever downward sweeps  
The whirlwind of thy foam,  
How still the sky that all thy waters weeps  
In raindrops from its dome.

Sublime and silent is that mighty force  
That dwells within those forms  
Whose wings of mist soar upward in their  
course  
And veil thy breast in storms.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Howe'er resistlessly thy fury sweeps,  
How vast soe'er thy powers,  
In gravitation all thy glory sleeps,  
Thy substance in the showers.

---

### Reveille.

DREAMS of night  
Gently lingered,  
Beams of light,  
Slender-fingered,  
Came in stealing,  
Day revealing;  
All was bright and cheery,  
Still I slumbered, weary.

## REVEILLE

Then my hand,  
Softly fanned,  
Felt the breathing  
And enwreathing  
Of a sweet caress,  
And a little fairy's kiss  
Woody me from the dream' abyss;  
Thus the little lisper  
In an eager whisper:  
"Det up now and dess."  
And thereafter  
Smiles and laughter,  
Then mock-formal bow,  
Stooping quite profoundly,  
"Bekfast's 'eady now;  
Hope oo've slept twite soundly."  
"Slept quite well, I thank you, Miss,"  
Then I gave the child a kiss,  
And wrote this.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Nirvana.

THE golden autumn sunset spreads o'er the land  
its light,  
And a dream of peace comes drifting into my  
soul to-night.

My thoughts are calm and quiet in the light of  
the golden West,  
And chastened by the shadows that whisper of  
coming rest;

For Nature has her voices, her language grave  
and gay,  
But never so rich her music, as at the close of  
day.

Then I read her subtle lesson in tones of the  
mellow light,  
And an infinite peace assures me that I read  
her lesson aright.

## NIRVANA

She soothes my pain and sadness and cools my  
fevered brow,  
And says to my tired spirit: "I am resting  
to-night; rest thou."

"How vain are all thy strivings for what the  
world calls good,  
Oh rest from thy strife forever in the infinite  
Fatherhood."

"Ah, vainly thou art longing, for thou seest  
thyself apart,  
While thy real soul is hidden in the Universal  
Heart."

"Then let the storm of anguish that doth thy  
life befall  
Fade like a vain illusion into the Soul of All;

"The whirlwind of fierce passions, the storm of  
base desire,  
No more thy soul distressing, consumed in  
cleansing fire."



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

O glorious autumn sunset, the splendor of thy  
light,  
Like a restful dream, is drifting into my soul  
to-night.

---

### Divine Order.

THE moon beats time and all the seas  
Run singing up their coasts;  
Orion and the Pleiades  
Lead on their shining hosts.  
The cosmic tone sublime  
Each faithful atom hears,  
And moves in perfect time  
With music of the spheres.

## WHEN NATURE SINGS

### When Nature Sings.

(*Rondeau.*)

WHEN nature sings, oh then abide  
Thou still, my soul, while night-winds glide  
    Awhispering in soft, low moan  
    From far-off shores, its mystic tone  
As sweet as when Love woos his bride.

The spirit of the All doth hide  
In souging wind and moaning tide;  
    My human heart is not alone  
        When nature sings.

I hold communion with the wide  
Expansive sky and sea, and ride  
    As comrade to the sun in every zone;  
    The Soul of All and I are one,  
        When nature sings.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Sea Voices.

THE strong sea-winds are blowing,  
The billows lash the shore,  
The ships are coming, going,  
Are sailing evermore;  
But ever o'er the ocean  
Where surges sob and sing,  
With restless rhythmic motion  
The bells of the sea-gods ring,  
And far away o'er the restless sea  
Are voices calling, calling me.

Down through the gray mist stealing,  
There gleams a harbor light,  
The fitful sea is feeling  
The pathos of the night;  
The vapors of the ocean,  
The waves that sweep the sands,  
With deep, divine emotion  
Caress their distant strands  
Obeying Heaven's supreme behest,  
They call to love and faith and rest.

## SEA VOICES

A rest of dreamless beauty,  
A life where sorrows cease,  
Where love transfigures duty  
And thrills the soul with peace.  
Now gleams the light Elysian  
And floods with deep delight  
The soul's enraptured vision,  
A heaven that knows no night;  
Ah, still I hear o'er the restless sea,  
Sweet voices calling, calling me.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Flower Hymn.

WITH loving hearts, O Lord, we bring  
The fragrant incense of the flowers,  
And on the altar of our King  
We consecrate our noblest powers.

The lily's pure and spotless dress,  
The daisy's innocence so fair,  
Are emblems of Thy holiness,  
The sweet reminders of Thy care.

The birds Thy matchless glories sing,  
The fields are white with waving corn,  
The breezes heavenly incense bring,  
From all the fertile valleys borne.

The earth is breathing back to Thee  
The odors of the perfect flowers;  
So may our hearts responsive be,  
And yield the fruits of golden hours.

## MOTHER

Thy gracious gifts on us bestow  
According to Thy will and word,  
Till we in fuller measure show  
The perfect beauty of the Lord.

---

### Mother.

ON through the sweep of the years,  
Cleaving the white crests of foam,  
Safely thy life-barque appears,  
Nearing the harbor of home.

Swift bounds thy boat o'er the brine,  
Shadows flit weird o'er the sea,  
Lights from the morning-land shine  
Over life's ocean to thee.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Earth-lamps are fading from sight,  
Fitful their shining at best;  
Yonder the heavenly light  
Gleams in the radiant west.

When the dim shadows of earth  
Deepen to darkness and night,  
Then shall heaven's morning of mirth  
Dawn with more glorious light.

Pilot, her barque gently guide,  
Safely to lee of the slip;  
Never the fathomless tide  
Floated so priceless a ship.

Guide o'er the silvery sea  
Piercing the fog-forms of night,  
Guide to the shores where the quay  
Skirts the fair haven of light.

Billows, sink calmly to sleep,  
Shadows, becloud not her path,  
Tempests, depart from the deep,  
Stay all your perilous wrath.

## MOTHER

Mother! How sacred the name,  
Home of the virtues thou art,  
Guard of Love's pure altar flame,  
Queen of the home and the heart.

Strong as the hills is thy trust,  
Straight as the light is thy way,  
Tender, unselfish and just,  
Guileless as childhood at play.

Soon with thy sheaves thou shalt come—  
All that the Father hath given,  
Bringing the precious ones home,  
Safe to the garner of heaven.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Christmas.

THE world had long been waiting  
The coming of the King,  
When, one sweet morn in Bethlehem  
Ere birds were on the wing,  
The sons of God came, singing,  
Down from the skyey dome,  
And mortals heard the message:  
‘Immanuel is come.’

As rain o’er thirsty meadow  
Awaits its cloud-release,  
So paused one voiceless moment  
The angel-song of peace;  
Then suddenly such music  
Burst o’er the Syrian plain,  
The throbbing strains resounded  
Through heaven’s high-arching fane.

## CHRISTMAS

It thrilled the starry silence,  
And floated on the breeze,  
Adown the drifting desert—  
A mighty charm of peace.  
Softly the angel-music  
Still trembles through the night,  
And never has forsaken  
The human spirit quite.

The bright and solemn glory,  
The angel-harp's glad ring,  
The strange, sweet song of wonder  
The cherub-voices sing,  
Within our hearts abiding—  
The King of Peace shall come,  
And make our lives His temple,  
Our hearts His radiant home.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Ad Meam Maritam.

THE burn, as it flows from mountain to sea,  
Ever sings as it goes, so merry and free;  
While playfully fringing its rockbed with spray  
Hears the ocean resounding far, far away;  
Or, growing in might, the torrent's dull roar  
Proclaims day and night the sea's sounding shore.  
It rushes through gorges narrow and deep,  
And flings its foam surges down the dark steep,  
It rolls o'er the plains or winds through the lea,  
All trembling to claim the embrace of the sea,  
Till, fearless of ocean's foam-crested forms,  
It rests in the arms of the goddess of storms.

My life is a river, broad, gladsome and free,  
But ever 'tis bringing love-tribute to thee;  
It sings to the shallows that toy with its foam,  
But thou art its ocean; thy heart is its home.

## WHOM GOD HATH JOINED

### Whom God Hath Joined.

WITH one ideal aim, one glorious promise,  
We join our hands—our souls have long been  
one,  
The while the fleeting years fly swiftly from us,  
We keep in step, our faces towards the sun.

We, hand in hand, to life serene aspiring,  
Engage with gladness in a noble strife  
To learn God's lesson, wondrous and inspiring:  
Love's law is truth, Love's real aim is Life.

Together hence, we serve our generation,  
Whether in sunlit paths or ways of fire,  
We give our lives—oh, sweetest inspiration—  
One life, to Christ. No less doth Love require.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### My Comrade.

MAY no declining sun go down,  
No evening fade to night,  
Until thy soul in joy I crown  
With Love's eternal light.

No gift that Heaven on me bestows  
Is ever fully mine  
Till to thy comrade heart it flows;  
It then becomes divine.

The richest gifts I'll e'er resent  
If thou hast been forgot;  
My heart shall never be content  
And thou remembered not.

What though to me but scanty fare  
Dire circumstance decree,  
I feast in palaces whene'er  
I share my crust with thee.

## SOCIETY

### Morn and Eve.

BLOW the loud trumpet in the early morn  
To tell thy soul another day is born;  
In stress of labor every power invest,  
Thy highest honor to have done thy best.

When evening fades from crimson into night,  
Then rest, tired heart, and trim the inner light;  
Make noble thoughts thy guests, and these shall  
    be,  
All unawares, heaven's messengers to thee.

---

### Society.

NOT in the multitude  
Doth true communion lie  
'Tis in thyself, O Love,  
'Tis Love and I.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### My Brother.

FATHER of all, Thou dost bestow  
The vision clear Thy works to know,  
But oh, that sweetest light impart,  
In which I see my brother's heart.

The sounding seas Thy praises sing,  
Through choired air Thine anthems ring—  
Rich music all, but better choice,  
The accents of my brother's voice.

I know where nature speaks Thy powers  
In mountains, meadows, streams and flowers,  
But in my brother's deed and word  
I see the splendors of the Lord.

## FORMS

Help me to find Thy highest grace,  
Not in the dim and solemn place  
Where temples consecrate the ground,  
But where a brother's love is found.

God keep my brother. Break to dust  
The storied cities, sabres rust,  
Heaven's starry host in darkness pall,  
But guard the love-light. Love is all.

---

### Forms.

THOU canst not seal the truth in creeds;  
The living word escapes its forms;  
It finds new births in noble deeds  
And higher life in stress of storms.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Eulalie.

CHILD of summer,  
Flower of light,  
Born of sunshine,  
Dew bedight,  
By the river's gleaming water,  
Rippling like its waves with laughter,  
Dwells my *Eulalie*.

Fleecy billows  
Of the sky,  
Birds of summer  
Skimming by;  
"Walden," glory of Port Carling,  
For 'tis there my own sweet darling  
Dwells, my *Eulalie*.



BULALIE.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Eulalie.

CHILD of summer,  
Flower of light,  
Born of sunshine,  
Dew bedight,  
By the river's gleaming water,  
Lapping like its waves with laughter,  
Dwells my *Eulalie*.

Fleecy billows  
Of the sky,  
Birds of summer  
Skimming by;  
"Walden," glory of Port Carling,  
For 'tis there my own sweet darling  
Dwells, my *Eulalie*.



EULALIE.



## EULALIE

Where the lily  
In the spring,  
With its comrades  
Blossoming,  
Fills the heart with peace and gladness,  
Banishing this wild world's madness,  
Dwells my *Eulalie*.

Up the river,  
Down the bay,  
Floating, hymning  
Some bright lay,  
Songs of old with glad heart singing;  
Echoes of the forest ringing,  
Praise my *Eulalie*.

Where the hemlock  
Or the pine,  
With their shadows  
Day refine,  
O'er the clear and radiant water,  
Dwells my rare, my winsome daughter,  
Dwells my *Eulalie*.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Child of beauty,  
Flower of Love,  
Benediction  
From above,  
Robed in grace and winged with lightness,  
Clad in purity and brightness,  
Sweet my *Eulalie*.

When life's burdens  
Bear me down,  
And my pleasures  
All are flown,  
Be thou still my angel treasure,  
Love me without bound or measure,  
My own *Eulalie*.

## WAKEN MY SOUL

### Waken My Soul.

WAKEN my soul with a song of life, O Love.  
The sacred winds blow their fragrant breath  
    over my forehead;  
I breathe the eternal air; I exult in increasing  
    life.  
Flowers of spring are blooming within me;  
Odors of summer pervade me;  
Fruits of autumn my divine Lover pours into  
    my heart.  
In storm of winter he braces my being for  
    stronger achievement.  
I am firm-knit by the struggle; I can endure.  
Fill me with life, O Love.



## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Chilliwack.

VALE of beauty in the West,  
Mountain-girded, fair and blest,  
Here by lofty peaks walled in  
From the mad world's roar and din,  
Safe thou sittest in the West,  
In thy cosy mountain nest.

When the heralds of the morn  
All the purple heights adorn,  
And the banners of the day  
Chase the lingering night away,  
Then the dawnlight in the dell  
Breathes a peace tongue cannot tell.

When the golden sun declines  
Hiding in the mountain pines,  
Like a great Titanic pyre,  
All the West is crowned with fire.

## OURSELVES FOREVER

When the mighty stars appear,  
And the moonbeams soft and clear  
Spread o'er all the subtle night  
Silent harmonies of light.  
The perfections of thy face  
Now reveal a milder grace,  
Vestured in a softer light  
Tinctured with the balm of night,  
Breathing beauty, verdure-drest,  
Queenliest valley of the West.

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### Ourselves Forever.

WE shall never be as nothing,  
But shall keep eternal tryst,  
Through the circle of the ages,  
With the spirit of the Christ.

We shall have increasing triumph,  
Through the bright eternal years,  
Toiling, resting, serving, loving,  
In our God-appointed spheres.

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Vesper.

FATHER, I come to Thee, weary, for rest,  
Just like a child, to lie close to Thy breast.  
From all my toils I come, from all my care,  
Oh, take me to Thy heart and hold me there.

Weak and oppressed, I come; oh make me strong,  
And fill my tired soul with light and song.  
Give me the strength to stand firm in the strife,  
At rest within the open door of life.

Though storms in fury blow across the deep,  
Be Thou my Pilot when I wake or sleep,  
Grant me Thy grace and power till time shall  
cease,  
And in the final hour—eternal peace.

## LAKE ROSSEAU

### Lake Rosseau.

DREAM of the golden day, wild wings a-flying;  
Voices from far away, faint echoes dying;

Gleam of the mystic light purpling the high-  
lands;  
Glow of the waters bright, jewelled with islands;

Breath of the woody bowers, joyance and laugh-  
ter;  
Shadows of leaves and flowers, dancing in water.

Airily down the dark, music comes streaming;  
Drift on, my silent barque, ecstasies dreaming.















